

THE INDEPENDENT.

PLYMOUTH. INDIANA.

NEWS OF THE LAKES.

Narrow Escape of Many Shipwrecked Sailors Last Fall.

The present navigation season will be memorable in lake history for the narrow escapes of the crews of lost vessels. Of five boats which have foundered during the fall, the crews were given up for lost on the statements of mariners who were out in the storms.

The first vessel was the ship schooner A. W. Comstock, which foundered on Lake Superior with a cargo of wheat. The crew succeeded in getting their yawl boat afloat, and after riding out the gale for several hours were sighted by the steamer J. J. McWilliams. The steamer took a position to windward of the yawl and lines were thrown to the shipwrecked sailors. One by one they tied the lines around their bodies, and jumping into the water were hauled on to the steamer by her crew. Some received injuries, but all saved their lives.

Next the schooner E. R. Williams foundered at her anchorage in Green Bay. The crew of the steamer Santa Maria, which had the Williams in tow, were certain beyond a doubt that the sailors on the schooner could not have survived, yet two days afterward they appeared all safe at Manitowish.

After everyone had given up the crew of the barge Elma, for it was said no shipwrecked mariner on the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior had ever survived, the crew was found alive and well, with the exception of a single sailor, on a ledge far above the water's edge on those precipitous and barren rocks.

Then the schooner H. C. Richards foundered on Lake Michigan in one of the heaviest gales of the fall, but the schooner's yawl boat outlived the storm, which had sent the Richards to the bottom and landed its nine occupants safe and sound at Montague.

Last of all was the heroic and successful struggle for life of the crew of the steamer Missoula, which went down on Lake Superior. The single lifeboat, laden deep with double the number she ought to have carried, for one boat was filled in launching, carried the seventeen occupants safe through the icy blasts of a Lake Superior gale late in the fall, and after drifting ninety miles before it, landed on the desolate north shore, in an uninhabited region. The next day the same lifeboat did noble work in carrying the men down the coast many miles to Lizard Island, where some of the crew remained with a camp of fishermen and the rest borrowed a fishing boat and sailed to Sault Ste. Marie for help for their shipmates.

Electric Canal Towage.

Canal barges have recently been very successfully towed by electric power on the summit level of the Canal de Bourgogne. This portion of the canal is three miles and three-quarters long, and has been made very narrow to reduce construction expenses. There is no towpath, and hauling is effected on the submerged chain principle. The hauling upon the chain is now done by electric power instead of by steam, as heretofore. A generating house has been fixed at each end of the section, the current being generated by water power.

The dynamo at the two stations, three miles and three-quarters apart, are coupled in series. The three mains are suspended on rubber insulators in part from wires spanning the canal and in part from the tunnel roof of the tunnel sections of the canal. Trolley arms of the usual type are used. The motor used on the tug which hauls upon the submerged chain is of nineteen horse power, running at nine hundred revolutions per minute. During the passage through the tunnel the current is utilized to light the boat, and at night is used for this purpose during the entire run. The cost of the plant was about twenty-seven thousand dollars, and a saving of eight hundred dollars, a year is recorded.

A Family Reunion.

A lawyer in Australia was defending a young man whose record was malodorous. Ignoring the record, however, the lawyer proceeded to draw a harrowing picture of two gray-haired parents in England looking anxiously for the return of their prodigal son to spend the next Christmas with them. Had they the hearts to deprive the old couple of this happiness? The jury, however, found the prisoner guilty. Before passing sentence the judge called for the prisoner's jail record, after examining which he said:

"The prisoner has some five previous convictions against him, but I am very glad to say that the learned counsel's appeal would not remain unanswered, for I mean to commit the prisoner to Maitland jail, where his aged parents at the present moment are serving sentences respectively, so that father, mother and son will be able to spend the ensuing Christmas season under one roof."

No Training of Snakes.

One cannot train or teach a snake to do anything whatever. Their brain power is so limited that the marvel is how they have ever managed to survive in the great competition, especially when one finds that they are still on the "ascending curve" of evolution. Most of them can be tamed to some extent by constant human companionship and judicious handling (some species very much more readily than others); when they have learned to trust, to appreciate the fact that there is no necessity for self-defence,

then they may be trusted, a principle which applies to most animals; and there the scope and possibility of their education comes to an end.

After that, the most that a skillful exhibitor can do with them is to adapt himself and his actions to their movements, which by familiarity he can pretty nearly anticipate, so that these may appear purposive and intelligent. He may affect to listen to the serpent's counsels, or receive its kiss on his lips if its head inclines in an upward direction, or to lure it from one hand to the other, or to guide it to some given spot, should it by chance glide horizontally or downward; just as the Indian snake-charmer takes deceptive advantage of the natural defiant attitude of the well-tamed cobra de capello.

Trimming a Judge.

Curran was often annoyed when pleading before Lord Avonmore, owing to his lordship's habit of being influenced by first impressions. He and Curran were to dine together at the house of a friend, and the opportunity was seized by Curran to endeavor to cure his lordship's habit of anticipating.

"Why, Mr. Curran, you have kept us a full hour waiting for you," grumbled Lord Avonmore.

"Oh, my dear lord, I regret it much; you must know it seldom happens, but I've just been witness to a most melancholy occurrence."

"You seem terribly moved by it—take a glass of wine. What was it? What was it?"

"I will tell you, my lord, the moment I can collect myself. I had been detained at court—in the court of chancery—your lord knows the chancellor sits late."

"I do, I do—but go on."

"Well, my lord, I was hurrying here as fast as ever I could—I did not even change my dress—I hope I shall be excused for coming in my boots?"

"Pooh, pooh! Never mind your boots—the point—come at once to the point of the story."

"Oh, I will, my lord, in a moment. I walked here—I would not even wait to get the carriage ready—it would have taken time, you know. Now there is a market exactly in the road by which I had to pass. Your lordship may perhaps recollect the market—do you?"

"To be sure I do go on, Curran—go on with the story."

"I am very glad your lordship remembers the market, for I totally forgot the name of it—the name—the name—"

"What the deuce signifies the name of it? It's the Castle Market."

"Your lordship is perfectly right—it is called the Castle Market. Well, I was passing through that very identical Castle Market, when I observed a butcher preparing to kill a calf. He had a huge knife in his hand—it was as sharp as a razor. The calf was standing beside him. He drew the knife to plunge it into the animal. Just as he was in the act of doing so a little boy, about 4 years old—his only son—the loveliest little baby I ever saw—ran suddenly across his path, and he killed—Oh, Heaven, he killed—"

"The child! the child!" vociferated Lord Avonmore.

"No, my lord, the calf," continued Curran; "he killed the calf, but—your lordship is in the habit of anticipating."

The Rough Bark of Trees.

The practical cultivator understands that Nature makes provision for getting rid of the bark of trees as the trunk increases in size. On the growth of the past season may be seen small olive spots. These are formations of cork. From year to year, in subsequent development, these little patches spread, really eating their way through the bark. This is the provision which Nature makes for finally ridding the bark in each species of plant. These cork cells have their own special lines of development, and this is the reason why each kind of tree has its own particular bark. The characteristics are so prominent that clever observers can select different kinds of trees by their bark even at midnight. As it is the evident intention of Nature to get rid of old bark, it is a great help to the tree to assist Nature in this respect, and any washes or treatment which aids the plant in getting rid of it is a practical advantage. Soapy water washes or lye water is useful and even scraping has been found of great advantage. In a rough sort of way, lime wash is frequently used, the only objection being the white and glaring color. It is, however, the cheapest and the best of all bark treatment.

Behind the Times.

"What's the latest news of the war?" was the surprising question that staggered the customs officer who boarded the ship William H. Connor as she sailed into Portland, Me., one day last week. The query was put by the captain, and the officer eyed him suspiciously until he explained that when he sailed from Kobi, Japan, on May 8 last, the China-Japan war was in full swing, and he wanted to know how the fighters were getting along. The war had been over so long the customs officer had forgotten all about it.

Comforting Words.

Andrew Lang, in a recent article on words of comfort, mentions among others: The lady's "yes" to her lover's fond question; the doctor's "it is a boy, sir," to the anxious papa; "not guilty" to the prisoner at the bar; "finis" to the end of a writer's latest book; the physician's "out of danger," and "not out" to the man at the bat.

Snags—"Do you know, Bilkins, I think I'm a gifted orator." Bilkins—"What makes you think so?" "I've spoken twice, now, and when I sat down on both occasions the audiences were much pleased and applauded loudly."—Adams Freeman.

Topics of the Times

The unexplored area of Canada is over 1,000,000 square miles.

Osborne house, in the Isle of Wight, is the queen's private property.

There are said to be 6,003 pieces in the modern high-grade locomotive.

The world's consumption of champagne amounts to about 21,000,000 quart bottles a year.

The total railway capital of the world is \$6,000,000,000, of which Great Britain owns one-sixth.

Under the headlines "Living Questions" a St. Louis paper proceeds to discuss the city morgue for half a column.

In London the natural increase of the population, from excess of births over deaths alone, is about 4,000 a month.

The greatest bull fighter in Spain receives \$1,500 for every performance, and appeared in the arena seventy-seven times last year.

A well-known physician said not long since that "Shetland wool underwear, if constantly worn, would save many a valuable life."

Most European nations average for the male 5 feet 6 inches, but the Austrians, Spaniards and Portuguese just fall short of this standard.

Unterrified small boys in Portland, Me., a few days ago stole the grave markers from the cemetery for use in making bounds for hockey playing.

The cult known as Christian Science, founded in Boston in 1836 by Dr. Mary Baker Eddy, now has 200 incorporated churches in the United States.

A committee has been formed for the erection in Metz of a monument to the late Prince Frederick Charles, the "Red Prince," father of the Duchess of Connaught.

At the court of Louis XIV, the use of perfumes was so general among both gentlemen and ladies that throughout Europe it was known as the "scented court."

A flowing well of petroleum was discovered in the Olympic mountains in Washington last week. The oil is said to be identical in character with that of the eastern wells.

German experiments have confirmed the fact that there is a zone round fog signals, within which the sound cannot be heard, a fact first demonstrated in the United States.

It is a cardinal virtue with Englishmen that they should control their emotions. It is an equally accepted code of life in France that the emotions should be given free play.

It is proposed to put in force the anthropometric system of identifying criminals in Ireland as soon as selected officers have been taught how to take the various measurements.

There are in London 151 Church streets. Those called Union are 123; John, 119; New, 116; George, 109; Queen, 99; King, 95; Charles, 91; William, 88; James, 87; Princess, 78; Elizabeth, 57.

Recent estimates indicate that Arizona has now an Indian population of 57,000. During the past twelve months not a single white man has been killed in the territory by an Indian.

When William of Germany goes hunting he takes along all the modern conveniences, including a telephone, the wires of which are carried in a wagon and strung as in military maneuvers.

A princess, a countess, a duchess and the daughter of a reigning prince were among the 4,000 thieves, professional and unprofessional, arrested in Paris during the first six months of this year.

Woolwich is the great depot for ordnance in England. There is a military academy, a laboratory, a vast number of cannon, a carriage department, a large amount of shot, shells, rockets, etc.

Diphtheria serum is about to be manufactured on a commercial scale by a dyeing establishment at Höchst, near Frankfurt-on-the-Main. It will be much concentrated and five times as strong as that hitherto used.

At the Aberdeen Methodist Episcopal Church at Maysville, Ky., the minister announced that the church bell would toll Hallowe'en for dead souls, and he wanted every Christian who heard the bell to pray for sinners.

The loss by fires in the whole United States during October is computed at \$13,315,000, or about \$5,000,000 more than last year, while the total loss for ten months is about \$4,000,000 more than for the same time last year.

The largest moose killed in the Moosehead lake region of Maine in several years was shot last week by an Englishman, who came across the Atlantic solely to hunt, and who is naturally greatly elated over his luck. The antlers had a spread of within a few inches of six feet.

The North Atlantic squadron, under Admiral Bance, is to be prepared for a cruise in the vicinity of the West Indies. The squadron at present consists of the New York, Columbia, Minneapolis and Montgomery. To these it is expected to add the Maine, Texas and Cincinnati.

There are still folks who think they know the location of the big treasure Captain Kidd is alleged to have buried on the Maine coast. Only a week ago a searching party was at work with much secrecy and hopefulness in the vicinity of Ellsworth. They have gone away now and the treasure is yet unfound.

The new first-class armored cruisers to be built by England are to be 434 feet long, 60 feet beam and 11,000 tons displacement. They will thus be 70 feet longer and 4 feet broader than the Blake and Blenheim, and 60 feet shorter and 2½ feet narrower than the Pow-

erful and Terrible. But they are each to have 22,000 horse-power and a speed of twenty-two knots.

Engineers who returned to Winnipeg last week from a trip of exploration through the region between that place and the shore of Hudson's bay say that a water route, by means of the rivers, with canal connections, between Winnipeg and Hudson's bay is entirely feasible. They allege that it would undoubtedly prove a financial success, and there is talk of a company organizing to undertake the enterprise.

OIL FROM SHALE.

Singular Scottish Industry Stimulated by the Drop in Petroleum.

The drop in the production of petroleum in this country has had the effect of stimulating an almost extinct industry in Scotland, the distillation of oil from shale. Fifty years ago it was of great importance and was even worked under royalties in the United States, where there were between fifty and sixty coal and shale distilleries. While the producers were at the height of their prosperity, the natural oil fields were opened and the old business went to pieces, so that only two Scotch companies were left in the field. Like most manufacturing enterprises in Scotland, it was the waste products which furnished the profits of the industry. The mineral distilled is a bituminous shale or hard clay, and the product of the distillation, of which 75,000,000 gallons were made last year, bears little resemblance to coal oil.

The waste products which have contributed to the continued existence of the industry are paraffine wax and the sulphate of ammonia. The value of the former has been affected seriously by the output of the distilleries in this country, but the ammonia is produced only from shale, and the fluctuations in its price have decided very largely the profits of the business. The crude shale oil had to be distilled like petroleum and the lamp oil refined from it has a higher flash point and density than that made from petroleum. As the price of oil has fallen, the shale distilleries have improved the retorts and stills to an extent which has resulted in the reduction of the cost of the finished oil to a little over 4 cents a gallon, about one-sixth of the cost thirty years ago. It is impossible not to admire the dogged determination and enterprise which, year after year, has caused the accounts of the Scotch companies still working to show a saving in working expenses that has practically neutralized the loss from the falling prices.—New York Telegram.

The Tourainers.

The Tourainers themselves are comforting to behold—a stalwart, brown-faced people, with contentment deep set in them. The women in their blue cotton gowns, white mittens and unwieldy wooden shoes, are picturesque enough for anything, if their dark, sleek eyes and ready smiles be also taken into account. One sees fair faces among the younger girls—Madonna faces. It was easy to fancy that Agnes Sorel, "the fairest of the fair," resembled the best of them when she, too, was young and had not caught the eye of a king. As for the men, they are what one would expect them to be in such a natural garden—a hard-working class, prone to rejoice in all the festive leisure they can obtain.

They love their native province passionately; it is difficult to realize what they must have felt when a quarter of a century ago, the Prussian soldiers trod their fields and vineyards under foot and burned their homesteads. "I do not believe," said one of them to me the other day, "there can be any other country in the world better to live in than Touraine. We have so much sun even in winter. The climate is so mild and all things grow in it."

Jewels of Austria's Empress.

Truly gem fit for a queen are those possessed by the Empress of Austria, says the Princess. The Austrian crown jewels have just been rearranged in one of the rooms of the Burg at Vienna, called the Schatzkammer, or Treasury, and make a regal show. The empress's state jewels, which she now seldom wears, are superb; she has a particular weakness for emeralds, and her collection is the finest in existence. The necklaces, pendants, earrings, zones, rings and diadems of these most precious stones remind one of Aladdin in the "Arabian Nights" and his presents to the Princess Badroulboudour. One stone, as large as a plum, is hollowed out as a bombolone and tipped with gold. A watch given by the shah to her majesty some years ago is also composed of a single immense emerald and has a chain of diamonds of the purest water. Single stones in their unset state are also shown; one diamond of 135 carats belonged to Charles the Bold.

The Deepest Water.

Forty-nine hundred fathoms (29,400 feet) without bottom being found is the deepest sounding made. The British surveying ship Penguin recently found this depth in the Pacific ocean in latitude 23 degrees 40 minutes south, longitude 175 degrees 10 minutes west, northeast of New Zealand and Kermadec islands; the wire broke before touching bottom. But Admiral Wharton in Nature says: "It is at any rate certain that the depth is at least 245 fathoms greater." The deepest sounding before this was 4,655 fathoms, near Japan.

Telegraphing to the Brain.

The nerves of warm-blooded animals telegraph information to their brains at the rate of about 150 feet per second.

Miss Kostique—Do you know when I see you looking so happy it reminds me of what a great poet once said, Cholly Saphend—indeed! Pway, what was it? Miss K.—Where ignorance is bliss.—Philadelphia Record.

PRESERVING THE TERRAPIN.

National Commission Might Be in Better Business.

It seems that the United States fish commission is about to undertake systematic work for the preservation and propagation of the diamond-back terrapin, which, by the way, is not a fish, and for divers other reasons might rightfully be considered beyond the scope of the fostering care of the fish commission or of any other body supported by general taxation. As an edible the terrapin is beyond compare, but for reasons hardly necessary to describe in detail he only delights the palates of the rich and haughty. His growing scarcity, together with a certain idea current in the first circles that to set terrapin before a guest is almost like brandishing a patent of nobility before his eyes, have resulted in making this aristocratic variety of mud turtle worth its weight in gold. It goes with fine old crusted Burgundy and eke with the fine old crusty noses which Burgundy of that type produces. On Fifth Avenue and in the clubs the appearance of terrapin is not so infrequent as to mark a red letter day, but the great body of American taxpayers who support the fish commission know more about humble hog and homely hominy than they do of terrapin and champagne.

Demand for the best activities of the fish commission in preserving the really useful, though commonplace, food fishes of the United States is not so slight as to warrant that organization in diverting its energies to the propagation of what is merely a delicacy. The salmon, which has practically been driven from the Atlantic coast, is being rapidly thinned out in its last resort, the rivers of Oregon. Along the New England coast and in the neighborhood of New York, the food fishes are rapidly disappearing, driven away partly by the pollution of the waters by dumping into them the refuse of great cities and destroyed largely by unscientific and wasteful methods of fishing for the market. It is no extraordinary thing in Fulton market for thousands of pounds of fish, perfectly good and fresh, to be destroyed in the presence of a community in which want and hunger are common simply in order that prices of the remainder may not be cut down by a glut in the supply. A very considerable industry off New Jersey coast is the catching of menhaden and other fish not edible for use as fertilizers for the soil or for conversion into oil. For this purpose steam fishing vessels are employed with huge trawl nets, which gather in enormous quantities of useful food fishes along with the less valuable prey sought. To these steam trawlers is due very much of the growing scarcity of fish on the Atlantic coast from Cape May northward. The Connecticut River shad has practically disappeared and there is a growing scarcity of the shad in the Potomac. No animal created has such wonderful powers of multiplication as the fish, yet, great as is its fecundity, the destructive genius of man has more than kept pace with it.

Until something effective is done toward regulating the methods of taking fish for the market so as to do away with the enormous waste of which the fishermen are now guilty, and something accomplished in the direction of checking the other evils which are rapidly driving the fish out of the waters contiguous to the more densely populated States, the fish commission will only make itself ridiculous by adopting the savory but expensive terrapin for its especial charge.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Rubber Band Fiend.

There is a sharp chap about town who is making money with both hands, as it were. His stock in trade consists of a piece of rubber hose, a pair of scissors, and a tongue which works with exceeding smoothness. He drops in on business men and asks them if they are in need of rubber bands; if so, he will give them the very best sort for \$1 for 500. The average man is likely to say that he has no use for so large a supply, and that starts the conversation. He of the rubber hose, scissors, and tongue says that he can supply any number of rubber bands of the best quality on the spot. He can furnish 100 in a minute if the customer wants them, and he adds that he will cut them from his hose right then and there. The customer says he cannot do it, and the rubber-band man smiles and says he has a dollar lurking somewhere in his pockets that says he can. More than one man has put up his dollar on this game, only to lose it, fairly and squarely, for the rubber-band "fiend" gets out his scissors and goes through his piece of hose even as the hungry boy goes through pumpkin pie. Those who have seen the operation say that it is easy for him to slice off 100 neat little rubber rings in sixty seconds.—Springfield Republican.

Intelligent Aldermen.

The aldermen at Oakland, Cal., recently passed an ordinance in the interest of public morality providing that all bathers within the city limits must wear a shirt or jersey covering the entire upper part of the body except the arms. It was not until the ordinance was a law that it was discovered that according to it all bathers would be compelled to bag their heads.

Rode the Bicycle at Eighty.

William Adkinson, aged 81 years, surprising the court day crowd at Harrodsburg, Ga., by riding a bicycle down and then up Main street the other day while the thoroughfare was crowded with vehicles. He says he felt like a bird on the wing, and was so pleased by the sensation produced that he will at once order a wheel.

It would shock every man if he knew what a small corner is assigned to him in his wife's air castles.

WE HAVE AGE ENOUGH.

No American Need Long for Objects of Veneration at Home.

We are accustomed to speak of everything in America as brand-new. It smacks to us of varnish more than anything else, and when we go abroad we say of buildings and of institutions, "Alas, we have nothing at all of this sort in America!" There is truth in this, and yet perhaps we do not sufficiently realize how long our American civilization has been growing, and how much of the world's history has been made in the last 250 years. It is interesting to find a suggestion of this nature emanating from so theoretically English a source as the London Spectator, the attention of which has been drawn to the age of our American colleges by a book of illustrations of our university buildings.

Let us follow out this suggestion, and, taking Harvard University as a measure of age, see where the world was standing at the time of the foundation of that institution. This was in 1638. Charles I. was on the throne of England. Cromwell was a young man, "guiltless of his country's blood," and had just been turned back from his plan of coming to America. The face of Germany was then desolated with the Thirty Years' war. Richelieu had just formed the French Academy, and was in the zenith of his power. The Spanish inquisition was pursuing its unrelenting work, and Galileo was yet busy with his literary labors. It was sixty years before Peter the Great applied in London for his naval apprenticeship, and nearly 100 years before Frederick the Great came into his inheritance. We are apt to think of English literature as ante-dating our American civilization; yet at the time the New World had taken on the educational and moral strength which gave us Harvard College, English literature was practically unwritten, if we except Chaucer, Spenser and Shakespeare. "Paradise Lost" was only a dream of Milton, who was 30 years old in 1638, and then began his continental journeys. Dryden was 6 years old; Bunyan was 10, with no thought of serving under Cromwell or being jailed for his views. Pope, Swift, Addison, Bolingbroke, Bishop Berkeley, were yet unborn.

These reflections show us how large a part of human history belongs to the period since the foundation of our oldest university. Into the life of this young and growing republic all these things entered—the growing hatred of absolutism, the spread of religious toleration, the literary inspiration of Milton's day, the artistic spirit that breathed from St. Peter's dome. The American of to-day need not lack for objects of veneration in his own country. It is old enough. Its founders and those who have preserved it with sufferings and death, and sometimes harder service of living effort and denial, have left bright spots in the dark and desolate straggles of the human race. To emulate rather than to disparage their character and service is the duty and privilege of the intelligent patriot of to-day. Moreover, to consider the matter from another point of view, the paradox is true that, if we are to look to antiquity, the present age is the oldest.

A Curious Transformation.

A fashionable audience in Paris recently listened to a lecture on chemistry by a celebrated chemist. At the conclusion of the lecture a lady and gentleman who were among the first to leave the hall had reached the open air, when the lady caught her escort staring at her. "What is the matter?" asked the madame, in surprise. "Pardon me, but you are quite blue!" The lady returned to the hall and approached a mirror. She started back in horror. The rouge upon her cheeks had been converted into a beautiful blue by the chemical decomposition which had taken place under the influence of the gases which had been generated during the lecture. The majority of the women in the audience had suffered in a similar manner. There were all sorts of colors—blue, yellow, violet and black. Some whose vanity had induced them to put ivory on the skin, coral on the lips, rouge on the cheeks and black on the eyebrows had undergone a ludicrous transformation.—New York Tribune.

Gospel Ship Work.

For some little time a twenty-foot sloop called Gospel Ship No. 1 has been cruising in the region of St. Andrew's Bay, Florida, with Christian evangelists aboard, doing missionary work among the sailors and the residents along shore. A new boat, to be forty feet long, and to be called Gospel Ship No. 2, is now building, and, when finished, it is to cruise along the Gulf of Mexico, doing missionary work. Subscriptions toward building the boat have been received from various parts of the Union, and a minister from Massachusetts is to sail on it.

About the Plough.

The plough is known to be about seven hundred years older than the Christian religion. It is one of the first implements mentioned in the Old Testament. In that length of time an implement of every-day use, it seems, would be brought to a high state of perfection. Nevertheless the United States Secretary of Agriculture says the modern plough is an enemy to fertility. He invites the genius of America to invent something better than the plough to take its place.

Mr. Wickwire—I wonder what are the feelings of a deposed sovereign? Mrs. Wickwire—I imagine the contrast is something similar to that felt when one has bought all one wants, and is merely sitting around in the way, waiting for her change.—Indianapolis Journal.